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has been the cause of all these riotings of realism); and the only remaining members of the family, two sisters, pass into a happy insignificance. At last, in the words of the author, "the history of the Hinckley family is quite ended."

TWO MEN AND SOME WOMEN. By Walter Marion Raymond. New York: The Abbey Press. 1900. 160 pp.

The author of this volume is a young Virginian who began writing for the *Richmond Dispatch* at fourteen years of age, and later was for a time a member of the Hull House Settlement in Chicago, where, evidently, much of the thought must have been gained that inspired this book. Sociological questions are clearly uppermost in his mind, and this story pertains to them. The writer has a clear and simple ease of style that gives promise and is well worth cultivating. And in time there ought to grow, too, insight and grasp of delicate situation and power to portray nice shades of meaning, necessary for all truth of life. The author is unquestionably sincere, and the open candor of the book constitutes its interest. But while the truest and greatest art is always moral and uplifting, it is not and can never be plainly didactic. And so the Crusader of Purity scarcely finds a steel-pointed weapon in the purpose novel, or "would-be-purpose" novel—the latter unfortunately too frequent. Our professors of moral science and strong writers and preachers would do more good in powerful lectures, essays, and sermons straight to the point than the novelist who gives us sugar-coated pills in necessarily defective portrayals of society and character and life.

A page revealing the open face of the author follows the delicate dedication: "To the Memory of One I loved, who died in the land of Lafayette in the youth of the year."

POETRY.

AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY, 1787-1900. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

A notable contribution to the history of literature of the passing century! And with certain instinct the frontispiece

contains seven poets' heads grouped about Bryant—Longfellow, Poe, Whitman, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Lanier. One intuitively misses still another face, until the eye sees opposite the huge granite boulder in Sleepy Hollow, Concord, marking "The Grave of Emerson."

This volume is a history of the poetic achievement of the New World in song in the hundred and more years of its political independence of the mother country. How far has there also been intellectual, spiritual, poetical independence? Granting that there may be found here echoes of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, or some older and greater poets, yet, taking this body of American verse all in all, after every deduction is made, there remains a volume of voice speaking out loud and bold for a new nationality and a distinct individual freedom.

We know that the historic and personal estimate is not the ultimate one, and that in the final equation of the world's literature, when generations and often nations alike are buried, it is only the truly best which will then survive and pass current. But while a literature is forming, the process of strengthening and expanding and experimenting is always an interesting one. To regard a certain literature as springing from a particular soil in a particular age, representing life under definite conditions, is also a legitimate point of view. As an American anthology, in its totality it must make one who has been a student of the intellectual and spiritual forces of his country prouder of his countrymen's achievement, and more hopeful for their future. There is a chorus effect obtained here from the hundreds of voices, a volume and an intensity, as pronounced and effective in its way as the highly wrought individual note in its sort. Opinions will always differ as to the relative merits of the nine singled out for stars in our native firmament of song and verse, and of other more recent singers, dead and living, but there can be less debate about the unity in variety of the whole concert.

This for the past century. And what of the promise? One thing particularly, it seems to us, it shows, even though

it is an effect to be got from no single commanding poet and from no single great volume of verse. We commonly speak of the age as material as if there were no interests beyond those of money-making. We speak of literature as if there were no form of invention but the novel. But Mr. Stedman himself is a notable refutation of the one, and a review of the interesting biographical data at the end of this book condemns the other. The one thing clear is this: However spontaneous in other sources, the poetry of the present is coming consciously and generally from three classes—our college professors and our preachers (both pointers upward to better things), our novelists, and our journalists. No self-respecting man or woman belonging to any one of these crafts but feels impelled to test, with himself at least, if to no one else, the voice of his own heart. It may be as Browning put it:

No artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love the language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient,
Using nature that's an art to others
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.

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Once, and only once, and for one only,
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

Poetry has become a passion with the cultivated classes, and do not these three include the majority of the workers with words? Likewise poetry comprises the chief part of every self-respecting college course in English in the United States, a revolutionary attitude of the two closing decades of the nineteenth century. We are not altogether sure that the great American poet and a great American poetry will arise from any one of these causes, and spring from any one of these ranks; for, first of all, he will be a poet, and he will write poetry; but, at least, this is fertilizing soil and creating a congenial atmosphere in which he will thrive, a great poet of the twentieth century—American and world—for he will be both. Out of all this present striving and laboring it may

be counted on that there will be brought forth more than a mouse.

As to Mr. Stedman's editorial work little but approval can be passed. It has been fine and discerning, productive alone from long acquaintance, thought, and love. When one conceives the gigantic task of selecting and rejecting, the work has been done with rare tact and discrimination. There will be some favorite poems missed, of course, and latterly when new writers of verse are heralded on every morn there are apt to be some regrettable omissions of names deemed worthy. For instance, there are a few names among the living writers of verse in the Southern portion of the United States we believe worthy of being represented by at least one illustration, and doubtless others will likewise speak personally. Some of us may demur, too, at the very common usage of subordinating Timrod to Hayne, where for originality and sincerity of the lyric note Timrod seems worthy to rank close to Lanier's class. We have an idea, too, that John R. Thompson's middle name is "Reuben," and not "Randolph." But these are very minor points. It is the catholicity and breadth of the volume that distinguish it, and when we miss something, Mr. Stedman has given us so much more that we knew not of or had overlooked, and so has more than enriched us. In its spirit and in its results this anthology will stand out for the future as distinctly as the year in which it has appeared closes one epoch and begins another.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF AMERICAN SONGS AND LYRICS. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Fifth thousand. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1899.

The above impression is also not lost here, although here the purpose is different, and it is the individual voice that in every case is emphasized and not the general chorus. For the pure lyric strain, the earlier poetry (that written under the inspiration of the Romanticists) is clearly more decided than that of the present, or is it only that we stand more firmly upon our favorites which have stood the test even of some time? Also among these earlier lyrics at last can be seen the easy supremacy of those of Poe.